

My Summer Moon

by
HERBERT WILLET



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"My Summer Moon."

HERBERT W. WILLETT.

Moderato.

The piano introduction consists of two systems of music. The first system is marked *mf* and features a melody in the right hand with a slur over the first two measures, and a bass line in the left hand. The second system continues the piano accompaniment with similar melodic and harmonic structures.

Till Voice.

Sum-mer night, moon was bright,
 'Neath a tree, I could' see

The vocal line begins with a double bar line. The piano accompaniment is marked *p* and provides harmonic support for the vocal melody. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.

I was sit-ting all a-lone, in a park, nev-er dark,
 Lad and Las-sie mak-ing love, they would spoon, while the moon

The vocal line continues with the second verse. The piano accompaniment continues with the same harmonic style as the first verse. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.

where the summer moon has shown. It was June, and the moon
 kept a shining from above. Oh, the bliss I did miss;

seem'd to whisper tales of love. Then to the skies I
 my sweetheart was far away, But I would croon to

ten. turned my eyes and sang to mister moon above: *rit.*
 my old moon and this is all I knew to say:

CHORUS.

f-p
 My summer moon just keep on shining

My heart is pin - ing for you to shine all the time, You are

mine. Oh, summer moon your bright light gleam - ing

puts me to dream - ing dreams, sweet dreams, my sum - mer

moon. My summer moon.


(pause ad lib.)

MY SUMMER MOON.
(MALE QUARTETTE.)


Arr. by Herbert W. Willett.

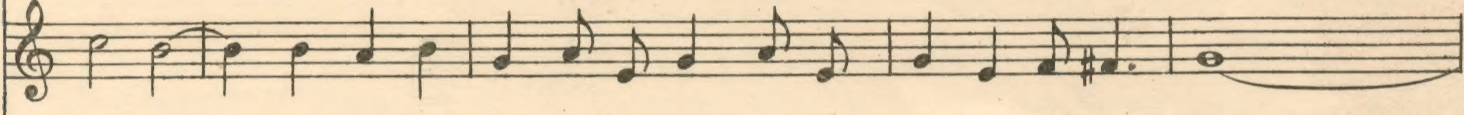
I Tenor 
My summer moon, my summer moon, just keep on shin - ing, My heart is

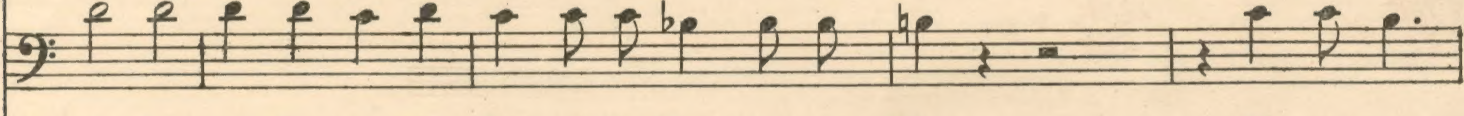
II Tenor 

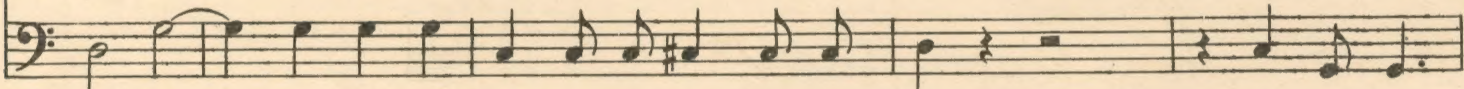
Bar. 
My summer moon shin - ing, My heart is

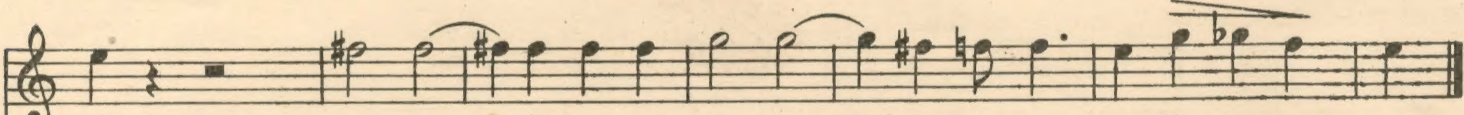
Bass 

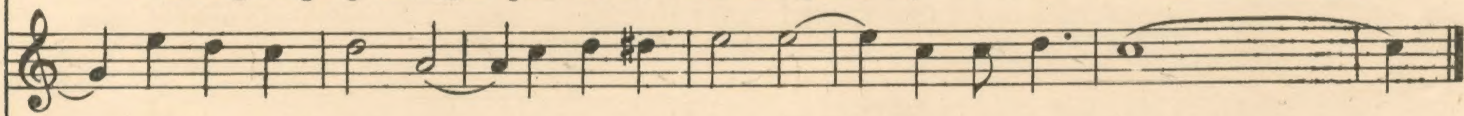

pin - ing — for you to shine all the time, you are mine. Oh, summer moon

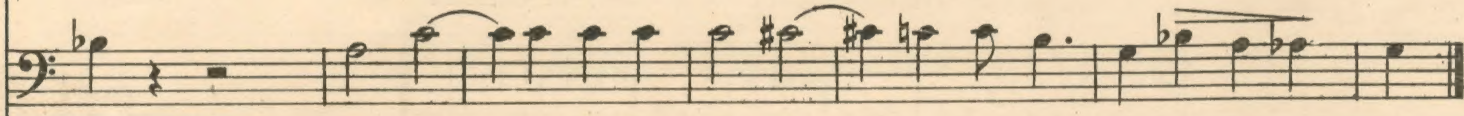


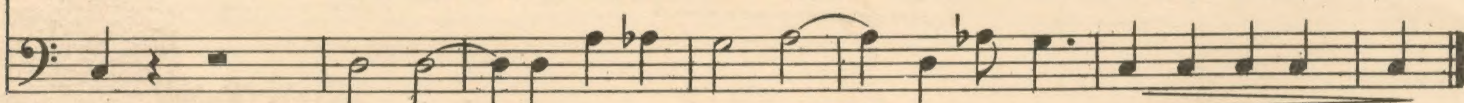

pin - ing — for you to shine all the time, you are mine. Oh, summer




moon, My summer moon
— Your bright light gleaming — puts me to dreaming — My summer moon.




moon, gleaming — puts me to dreaming — My summer moon, My summer moon.



A CITY FAR AWAY.

By Luther Adams

You Can not imagine a sweeter or more pathetic little song than this. The utter desolation that comes over a little tot when she realizes that her mother has gone from her forever, is vividly told and the story is enhanced by one of the sweetest melodies ever written. Ask to hear it.

To Little Marie Adams.

A CITY FAR AWAY.

Words by
CADDIE Mc DONALD.

Music by
LUTHER ADAMS.

Valse Lento.

CHORUS.

ma-ma has gone to Heav-en, A ci-ti-ty far a-way.

con espressivo.

If you will be a good lit-tle girl, you'll go there too some day.

Let not your heart grow wea-ry But run right a-long and play. Your

ma-ma has gone to Heav-en Heav-en, a ci-ti-ty far a-way.